

THREEPENCE



EVERY FRIDAY

# EAGLE

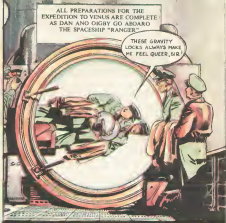
19 MAY 1950 No. 6

## DAN DARE

PILOT OF THE FUTURE

ALL PREPARATIONS FOR THE EXPEDITION TO VENUS ARE COMPLETE AS DAN AND DIGBY GO ABOARD THE SPACESHIP "RANGER"

THESE GRAVITY LOCKS ALWAYS MAKE ME FEEL QUEER, SIR!



IT DOES FEEL QUEER, DOESN'T IT? — BUT A SPACE SHIP MUST HAVE ITS OWN INTERNAL GRAVITY OR YOU'D BE WHELD ON THE CEILING WHEN WE LEFT THE EARTH



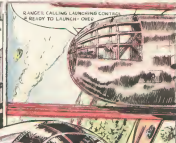
ARE WE ALL HERE NOW? RIGHT CAPTAIN, LET'S GO



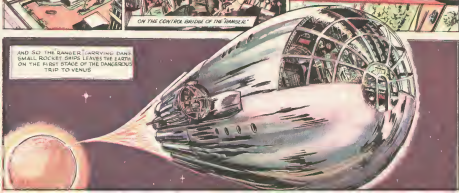
ON THE CONTROL BRIDGE OF THE "DANGER"

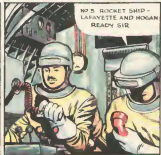
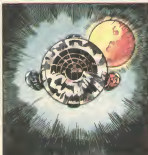
ALL GLEM TO LANDING STATIONS — CLOSE ENTRANCE DOORS, FASTEN SHOCK STRAPS, STAND BY TO START JETS

RANGER CALLING LAUNCHING CONTROL — READY TO LAUNCH — OVER



AND SO THE RANGER, CARRYING DAN'S SMALL ROCKET SHIP, LEAVES THE EARTH ON THE FIRST STAGE OF THE DANGEROUS TRIP TO VENUS





CONTINUED

# The Adventures of P.C.49

FROM THE FAMOUS RADIO  
series by ALAN STRANKS



# PLOT AGAINST THE WORLD

by Chad Varab



He made no sound except a whistling intake of breath

## The story so far

Ray, a former night-club pianist, was a member of a mysterious brotherhood called "The Pantomimes". In a rooming house in New York, he was a member of a gang which used to call him "Ray". One day, Ray's young cousin, found him in the office of a business man. Ray's cousin, who was a member of the gang, told him that Ray had been in the office of a business man. Ray's cousin, who was a member of the gang, told him that Ray had been in the office of a business man. Ray's cousin, who was a member of the gang, told him that Ray had been in the office of a business man.

That day had trapped Ray hadn't been any sort of ruse. In fact, he'd been alive at all, but he was some sort of friendly man-trap. (He guessed suddenly at the thought came into his mind that if there were any men behind them, they would have to use a man caught in a trap for a change.)

His "wild" thinking and his whimsical thought about men had conquered his fear, but, like all "wild" thinking, it led him into danger.

He began looking and supping the flap of which this particular scene had been constructed. Once he drew back his fingers hastily as they came in contact with a shiny floor of stone, and again looked round guiltily as if ashamed of his presence.

Fortunately for him, he did not find the secret of the hidden hole, or he might have been trapped as Ray was.

"Well," he concluded harshly, straightening his cramped knees and flipping his hand against his dusty trousers-bottom. "There probably isn't anything there now. Whatever happened Ray while he was trapped there would surely take everything out of the hole knowing it had been discovered. But I'd have liked to have a look, all the same."

He was still standing and pondering about it when he suddenly remembered the square policeman. He ought to have gone for help at once! Whatever had been thinking about it.

He went quickly into the other office, made sure that the unfortunate constable was still breathing, and scrambled out through the doorway after a cautious reconnaissance. He spread along the street intending to go to the police station.

Then he checked himself. If he went to the police they would certainly want him to go back to the office with them. In any case they would ask him dozens of questions, some of which might involve agents that weren't his. And he was not yet the scientist's cryptic message decoded. Besides, he'd told his mother he was going to the Vic's, so he must do it.

But the police had got to be informed about this black cat and its profts how?

He snote himself on the forehead. Why didn't he think of it before? The telephone!

There was a public call-box on the next corner but one. As any-looking man came out of it just as he reached it. Ken risked his pocket, but the only copper he had was a penny and two ha'pennies. (Another silly thought came to him if he was short of copper he could find the one in the office.)

"What are you grinning at?" demanded the cross-looking customer.

to the next bus. Hope you had one that works."

The man nodded, and went off in the opposite direction. Ken ran on until he found another bus, admitting to himself that the people who had wrecked the office probably were about his own age, but without his amount in football and other real sports. He quickly got through to the police, gave them the information they would need, told them his own name and address, and rang as before they could order him to wait for them. Then he made his way to the Vicarage.

It was a big, bare, crumbing house. Ken was glad he hadn't to live in it during cold-weather. He pulled a bell that changed interminably like the bell of an old-fashioned ink-stone-dish.

There was no answer. He realized that it was terribly early for a social call, but she was important. He rang again. After a few minutes the Vicar came to the door in his dressing gown.

"If it's about the pitch for this afternoon, Ken," he said in a tone as if he were who it was. "I think you might have left it a bit later. This is the one morning in the week that I don't have to be up at the crack of dawn for a service."

"Sorry, sir! No, it isn't about the pitch. It's something really urgent."

"Oh, come in, then," said the Vicar. Ken followed the badly, inside-headed man to his study—a book-lined room with shabby but comfortable leather chairs. He pointed out the whole story so far as he knew it, except for the bit about Ray, which Dick had told him to keep secret.

The Rev. Bill Read didn't interrupt once, to his job he'd had to learn to be a good listener as well as a good talker.

When Ken had finished, the Vicar put down his paper and looked at him steadily.

"Let's see that message," he said. Ken handed it over and watched the be man anxiously as he read it.

"I don't know why you don't give young Sam a trial at outside left," said the Vicar. "That's all."

"I know that message, sir! Look—"

"That's, I know," murmured the Vicar, his eyes set on the paper. His hand gripped on the desk for his pipe, and Ken pushed it towards him.

"I don't know Scruffy could kick with his left."

"So that what you all call him?" He said. The Lord with 'd' crossed out and 'g' put instead 'H'm'.

"Yes, but that was—"

"What was? Could he Lord Somebody, or could he Lord 'H'm'?" He's no more scruffy than a cat. If you'll take the trouble to look, you'll see he keeps himself as clean as any normal boy. It isn't his fault if his parents can't afford him decent clothes."

"No, sir," Ken stammered uncomfortably. "But I don't think your observations are always struck home more than a dozen."

"Yes," said the Vicar. "I'll get along."

The word "yes" reminded him of the Rev. Bill's previous chat. He wondered if he knew what the boys called him.

"Now I don't mind your claps calling me 'Bugar Bill' among yourselves," continued the Vicar, as if he had said his thoughts.

"Because I know I'm not a bugar. And I take a pleasure in a sign of affection rather than derision. But a boy from a poor home might suspect that 'Scruffy' was a real description, and that would hurt." The Rev. Bill put down the paper and glared at Ken.

"You'll see at its most picturesque. 'You will see that he is called Sam' in future, young man."

"Yes, sir."

"But as for playing him in the team, that's your game plan. I shan't interfere. I've solved your message, by the way."

"You have? What?" Ken kept up eagerly.

"The Lord is one of them. 'God' with 'g' instead of 'd' in 'H'm'."

Ken looked disappointed, and sank back into his chair. "You mean, Grog and Mugg, sir? I've often wondered—"

"No, not 'Mugg'! The message says not, 'Grog' is one of them, the 'no M' must be a check to show we're on the right lines. The



The Police had to be informed

## Chapter 6

### "In the clutches of the Gang"

KEN felt a painful throbbing at his throat. It seemed as if his head had got displaced and was beating in the wrong position. He felt his chest pain to make sure, and then looked round guiltily, although there was no one to observe that foolish behaviour, and even if there had been, it was too dark to see properly.

He supposed he ought to try to move the flag and see what was behind it. Was "U" a person, and if so, was he dead? Ken struck another match and examined the thing again. As he had thought struck him. Perhaps the match he had lit happened at "U" were meant to be a drawing of the thing that had trapped Ray's arm. Some foul work!

Ugh! Ken shrank back at the mere thought of the cold, sleep, senseless thing that might be coiled there, waiting with restless patience to strike at a guessing hand.

"Not slurs," he corrected himself. Ken had kept a glass under a pet at one time, and had made Ken touch it to convince him that it was quite dry and clean, and that only his shyness made it look shiny. Ken gasped at the memory. A look's helped him to overcome his horror of all crawling things. He remembered with amazement that Pru hadn't seemed to mind it.

He decided to convince himself that the

"A million someone's initials. Do you know what the someone was called?"

"No, Ray never said." Ken clapped his hand over his mouth as soon as he realized that he'd misheard Ray.

"Do you know about Ray," remarked the Vicar coolly.

Ken piped at him.

"Yes, I haven't seen him yet, but how did you —?"

"There's only one man goes on in my parish that I don't know about," replied the Rev. Bill comfortably. "When you do see Ray, tell him I'd like a word with him. Now, let me see, what atomic someone disappeared about the same time as Ray?"

Ken looked black, and the priest chewed carefully at his pipe.

"Bill?" he exclaimed at last, thumping the arm of his chair. He kept up and took a lit volume from his bookshelves. "Now, what was his Christian name? Ha! Here we are!" Edward (left, Ph.D., D.Sc., etc., etc.) He tapped the book, and with inward exultation he knew "How much of what you've told me was at all accurate?"

"How do you mean, sir?"

"Come, come, you know I'd rather go to put this record anything that was told me under the seal. But I want to get on to the authorities about this. Have I your permission?"

"This man... Bill, did you say his name was? — didn't say the police," protested Ken. "Now did Ray. They knew most of the rest, at I told you."

The Vicar fumbled in a drawer of his desk and produced a battered notebook.

"A man I was at Oxford with," he said, "in M.I.3, and somewhere or here I have a telephone number you won't find in the directory. I'll tell him only what the police know and when I've found him by myself. 'Glad to see one of them. Who would have thought it?'"

"But what's Gog, sir?" Ken looked puzzled.

The Vicar sighed and reached for the telephone. "The goodness of you young people," he lamented. "One of the world's greatest pleasures comes to us in a physical refuge from Albania and is put in charge of a whole nation of our atomic remnants, and you don't even know his name! Yet you know very little about or together in the — oh, well." He shrugged his broad shoulders, lifted the receiver, and asked for a London number.

Ken watched him dumbly while he waited for the connection. He felt quite dumb. What a plot they had stumbled on! The — the son of "Einstein" of atomic research, a traitor! You could hardly credit it.

The Vicar's voice penetrated his thoughts.

"Hello. Gog?" This is Bill Reed. — No, 'Burglar Bill'?" The Vicar glanced at the number written at Ken's as he thus identified himself, and Ken covered his mouth with his hand to

stop a wicked grin. "Yes, it has, hasn't it?"

Edward, Gog, what do you make of a message from an atomic scientist whom I believe to be loyal, saying 'The Long — L-O-R-G — is one of them?' What? Why, the enemy, of course. What, you've got it already? I thought I was smart, Nix, don't say it on the phone. How soon can you be here? You can! Splendid. Bang-bang!"

The Rev. Bill replaced the receiver.

"You and I," he said, "are going to have some breakfast while we're waiting. And you can forget that number I called, and also the fact that I had the same nickname at Oxford."

"Yes, sir," agreed Ken, with a conspiratorial gleam in his eye. "That I say, sir, how long shall we have to wait?"



Something black and heavy crashed against Ken's head

"If you know M.I.3, you'll get a note on for fear of missing your breakfast," replied the Vicar, leading the way to the kitchen. "He's coming by plane."

It was only about half an hour before Ken came in the cellar that Ray, lying in the sweater with his right arm trapped by the swinging flapjacks, heard someone approaching. His body contracted painfully in the effort to take the weight off his arm, his head thrown from the constriction of his blood supply, and the instant from his lacinated fingers increased by swelling round the wound, he was almost ready to welcome anyone who would release him, friend or foe.

But he repressed the impulse to cry out.

For the footsteps were approaching not from the other cellar, where the manhole was, but down the steps from the house. Whoever was coming had unlocked the door at the top of the steps, and so far as he knew, only the gangsters had the key of that door.

He was trapped in such a position that only by an awkward twist of his neck could he see anything at all, and then only the lower half of the room, upside down. He could make out a gleam of light from a torch, and as the beam fell on his spread legs he heard the footsteps stop.

After what seemed an age, during which he made no sound, the footsteps started again. The beam of the torch flashed all round the cellar. He caught a glimpse of a pair of legs,

then, crossed legs. Then the man straightened up again. At last he spoke, but not to Ray.

"So that judges of your wealth!" he said softly. "I must confess I thought it was an unnecessary precaution. What is he?"

Gaters recalled something Ray couldn't recall.

"No, I don't think so. They've never tried to high-jack us in this country. More likely another of 'The Conspirators'."

Ray wondered when they were going to get round to releasing him. Surely they must be in a hurry to get away.

Gaters must have echoed his thought, because he muttered something of which Ray caught the word "track."

"You couldn't bother about him recognizing your voice, even if he tried not to be a knock-out," replied Sponge-Bug softly. "Yes, we have got cracking. Who are you?"

This question was addressed to Ray.

"Suppose you tell me first who you are," countered Ray.

He immediately received a heavy kick in the side. He made no sound except a whining squeal of breath.

"Plenty of time for that later," said Sponge-Bug. He repeated his question to Ray. "Who are you?"

Ray was silent. He knew that "later" there would be more persistent attempts to extract information from him, and he hadn't sensed the significance of "you couldn't bother about him recognizing your voice," either. He was not unafraid, but he revealed himself that his silence was stronger than their strength, and that even if he did, he would have some of his immense strength in his refusal to help them in their evil purposes.

"You afraid," uttered Sponge-Bug. "This one is going to be as obstinate as the other. Anyway, let's get him out. Do you mind the tackle?"

"No, only for the uranium," answered Gaters. "Keep him covered."

Ray felt almost light-headed as the men threw him roughly beside him and fiddled with the flaps. Too evidently hadn't "talked" and he himself was going to get out of this dream of his before progress set in. Perhaps he wouldn't lose his arms, now — unless he lost his life!

The pain was almost unbearable as Gaters switched the flapjacks back; but as soon as he was free, Ray flung himself back wards, did a "Bogart" hand off, against Sponge-Bug, and dashed into the other cellar. He scrambled up the pile of coal, and tried to clamber on to the chute, but his right arm was useless and he couldn't make it. He felt himself pulled back without sight of freedom, as Ted had been. Then, before he could wheel round and face his assailants, something blunt and heavy crashed against the back of his head.

(To be continued)

## CAPTAIN PUGWASH



# CRICKET COACHING BY LEARIE CONSTANTINE

## THIS WEEK: BOWLING

SEAM OF BALL DIRECTED AWAY FROM BATSMAN



THE HOLD FOR FAST BOWLERS OUT-SWING

PLenty of BODY ACTION NECESSARY



THE HOLD FOR FAST BOWLERS OFF-BREAK



SEAM OF BALL DIRECTED IN TO BATSMAN



THE FAST BOWLER'S DELIVERY. NOTE: MAKE ARMS AS HIGH AS POSSIBLE



THE HOLD FOR THE OFF-BREAK



OFF-BREAK HOLD DELIVERED



THE HOLD FOR THE LEG-BREAK



LEG-BREAK HOLD DELIVERED



HOLD FOR THE GOOGLY



NEXT WEEK: HOOK SHOT

GOOGLY DELIVERED BACK OF HAND TO BATSMAN WHEN BALL LEAVES

## REAL LIFE MYSTERIES



### THE IMPOSSIBLE ORDER

On 22nd June 1893, the British Mediterranean Squadron was on manoeuvres. 11 battleships were in two parallel lines. The Admiral, Captain Sir George Tryon, headed one line and the Commodore headed the other. At 2.30 p.m. Admiral Tryon ordered both lines to turn towards and to keep on moving round in line until they

were steaming on the way they had come. Each ship needed 300 yards in which to turn a circle and the two lines were only 1,200 yards apart. The order meant a frightful collision. Both Captain Mackintosh of the *Compendow* and Captain Bourke of the *Victoria* realised the danger. When the *Compendow* hesitated, Admiral Tryon flashed a terse message: "What are you waiting for?" Gravelly Captain Mackintosh turned his ship. The *Victoria* had



also begun to turn towards. Twice Captain Bourke said to the Admiral: "We shall be very close to the *Compendow*." Twice he got no reply. Twice Captain Bourke asked desperately, "Sir, shall I go astern?" We will let the *Compendow* say. "Only when it was too late," the Admiral said, "Yes." The *Compendow's* gigantic bow crashed into the *Victoria* and tore a great hole in her side. Admiral Tryon immediately altered course towards the de-

tail shot, hoping to beach his flagship, but it was too late. The *Victoria* captured taking 22 officers and 357 men. 300 survivors were picked up. Admiral Tryon knew the turning circle of both ships. He must have known that he had given an impossible order. He went down with his ship. What was in his mind when he gave that dreadful order?

# SETH AND SHORTY - COWBOYS

SETH AND SHORTY  
ARE PURSUED BY  
THE MYSTERY MAN'S  
GANG

THE BLUE DOCK

WE'LL GET  
YOU! WE'LL RUN  
YOU DOWN!

SHORTY!  
ARE YOU HURT?

IN FLURRY  
BUT THE VILLAINS  
NEVER SHOT MY  
HORSE!

WELL, COWBOYS  
THIS TIME WE'VE  
GOT YOU ..... I BELIEVE  
FOR KEEPS!

WE'RE  
TAKING YOU TO A  
PLACE WHERE YOU  
WON'T RUN TO FIND  
COWS!

WE ARE  
STAYING NEAR FOR THE  
NIGHT ... NOW MAKE  
YOURSELVES NICE AND  
COMFORTABLE!

ARE THE TWO  
COWBOYS SAFELY  
TIED UP FOR THE  
NIGHT?

SURE! I'VE  
SEEN TO THEM.  
THEY CAN'T GET  
LOOSE ... THEY'RE  
FIXED!

STARLIGHT'S RUMORED  
THROUGH THE COWBOYS. MY HANDS  
ARE ALMOST FREE. MUSTER LUCK  
JANE IS SURE GOIN' TO GET A  
BIG SURPRISE!

CONTINUED



# THE GAS-TURBINE-ELECTRIC LINER OF THE FUTURE

AN IMPRESSION OF THE POSSIBILITIES OF A NEW  
DRIVING POWER FOR TRANSATLANTIC LINERS  
KEY TO NUMBERS

- |                               |                                       |   |
|-------------------------------|---------------------------------------|---|
| 1. Whirlpool forecast         | 22. Air room to engine room           | 24. Six electric propulsion motors of   |
| 2. Breakwater                 | 23. Reception                         | 24.000 h.p. each driving six propellers |
| 3. Forward tank and discharge | 24. Air used in generators            | 25. Deck                                |
| 4. Air intake                 | 25. Air use in generators             | 26. Deck                                |
| 5. Air intake                 | 26. & T. Gas-turbine driving electric | 27. Deck                                |
| 6. Air intake                 | generators                            | 28. Deck                                |
| 7. Air intake                 | 28. Gas-turbine engine room           | 29. Deck                                |
| 8. Air intake                 | 29. Fuel tanks                        | 30. Deck                                |
| 9. Air intake                 | 30. Exhaust from gas turbines         | 31. Deck                                |
| 10. Air intake                | 31. New bridge                        | 32. Deck                                |
| 11. Air intake                | 32. Exhaust from gas turbines         | 33. Deck                                |
| 12. Air intake                | 33. Exhaust from gas turbines         | 34. Deck                                |
| 13. Air intake                | 34. Exhaust from gas turbines         | 35. Deck                                |
| 14. Air intake                | 35. Exhaust from gas turbines         | 36. Deck                                |
| 15. Air intake                | 36. Exhaust from gas turbines         | 37. Deck                                |
| 16. Air intake                | 37. Exhaust from gas turbines         | 38. Deck                                |
| 17. Air intake                | 38. Exhaust from gas turbines         | 39. Deck                                |
| 18. Air intake                | 39. Exhaust from gas turbines         | 40. Deck                                |
| 19. Air intake                | 40. Exhaust from gas turbines         | 41. Deck                                |
| 20. Air intake                | 41. Exhaust from gas turbines         | 42. Deck                                |
| 21. Air intake                | 42. Exhaust from gas turbines         | 43. Deck                                |

WORLD  
WIDE

## SKIPPY THE KANGAROO

BY DANET, DUBRISAY, GENÈSTRE

AN ANDRÉ SARROT  
PRODUCTION





# HEROES OF THE CLOUDS

ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT STEPS IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE DE HAVILLAND 108 WAS THIS REMARKABLE AIRCRAFT WITHOUT A TAIL. IT WAS SO BUILT TO FLY THAT COMMANDER REE FLEW IT FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE TO PARIS WITHOUT TOUCHING THE CONTROLS EXCEPT FOR STEERING. THE MAJOR WING SWIFT BOAHS OF SUPERIOR AGILITY AND THE DE HAVILLAND 108 WAS BUILT BY A MAN WHO WAS CALLED INCHMAN.



CHARTER TAILLESS AIRPLANE 1912

## The development of the De HAVILLAND 108



THE LONG LINE AIRCRAFT WAS BUILT BY THE DE HAVILLAND 108. THE AIRCRAFT WAS BUILT BY THE DE HAVILLAND 108. THE AIRCRAFT WAS BUILT BY THE DE HAVILLAND 108.

THE DE HAVILLAND 108 WAS BUILT BY THE DE HAVILLAND 108. THE AIRCRAFT WAS BUILT BY THE DE HAVILLAND 108. THE AIRCRAFT WAS BUILT BY THE DE HAVILLAND 108.



AFTER THE INVENTION OF THE 271 ENGINE, INVENTOR JOHN BROWN TRIED TO SOLVE THE PROBLEM OF THE TAILING WING. THE 271 ENGINE WAS BUILT BY THE DE HAVILLAND 108. THE AIRCRAFT WAS BUILT BY THE DE HAVILLAND 108.



THE DE HAVILLAND 108 WAS BUILT BY THE DE HAVILLAND 108. THE AIRCRAFT WAS BUILT BY THE DE HAVILLAND 108. THE AIRCRAFT WAS BUILT BY THE DE HAVILLAND 108.

THE FIRST FLIGHT OF THE DE HAVILLAND 108 WAS BUILT BY THE DE HAVILLAND 108. THE AIRCRAFT WAS BUILT BY THE DE HAVILLAND 108.



THE DE HAVILLAND 108 WAS BUILT BY THE DE HAVILLAND 108. THE AIRCRAFT WAS BUILT BY THE DE HAVILLAND 108. THE AIRCRAFT WAS BUILT BY THE DE HAVILLAND 108.

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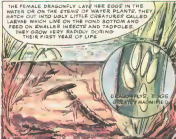
# DISCOVERING THE COUNTRYSIDE



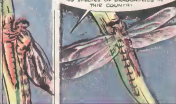
WHEN THE LADYBIRD WINGS BEGIN TO DEVELOP IT IS CALLED A NYMPH. AFTERWARDS AND IS READY TO LEAVE THE WATER. IT DOES REEDS AND STAYS TO GRASP UP THE STEM OF SOME WATER PLANT. ONCE OUT OF THE WATER, IT BEGS WITHOUT LIVES WHILE THE BODY BEGS.



AFTER A WHILE THE NYMPH BEGINS TO DEVELOP THE HEAD AND THE DRAGONFLY BEGINS TO COME OUT. IT STRETCHES HARD, LEAVING BACKWARDS TO FEEL THE LEGS THEN BEGINS TO SWIM. AFTER A WHILE, SUDDENLY WITH A BUBBLY EFFORT THE BEST OF THE BODY IN SWIM CLEAR AND IN A PER MINUTE THE WING DEVELOPS AND THE BODY BEGINS TO RISE. ALL THAT REMAINS NOW IS FOR THE DRAGONFLY TO GET OFF IN THE SUN.



NOW WE HAVE THE REAL DRAGONFLY. READY FOR FLIGHT IN ALL ITS LOVELY COLOURS. BEHIND THE SWIFT NYMPH COME THREE GLASSY WINGS ARE REALLY VERY STRONG AND THE DRAGONFLY TAKES AT GREAT SPEED. HE HAS OVER 40 SPECIES OF DRAGONFLIES IN THIS COUNTRY.



## AND EDITOR'S PAGE

19 May 1950

The Editor's Office  
EAGLE  
43 Shoe Lane, London, E.C4

A GREAT many of our readers are obviously very interested in the feature "Make Your Own Model Racing Car". We have had hundreds of letters asking where parts may be bought. So the Eagle Club has decided to form a Junior Model Racing Car Club for Club Members. If you want to join, all you have to do is to write to us giving your name and address and Eagle Club Membership Number and asking to belong to the Car Club.

The Club is mainly for those who are budding - or going to build - the model car we are describing in *EXTRA*. Mr. G. W.

Arthur-Beard, who is an expert on the subject and Assistant Editor of the *Model Engineer*, has kindly promised to give a prize for the best car made by a member.

If any of you who haven't yet begun to make the car, want to start now and have missed the instructions given at the first, third and fifth issues, we shall be glad to send you a copy of the instructions and diagrams at the cost of 1d. per each part. Please send a stamped addressed envelope and a 1d. stamp for each part you want.

Secondly, the Eagle Club is planning to hold an Eagle Model Car Race and offering a Trophy to the winner. We shall take a special car track to various big towns throughout the country where regional heats will be run. The winners of these heats will be invited to London for the final.

You don't need to do anything just yet about entering for this Race. We will post an Entry Form later on. The cars entered for the race must be cars made by members themselves.

Now here is another "do" for Eagle Club Members. During the summer, we shall take twelve members for a week to a Holiday Camp, free of charge. In order to decide the difficult question of who should have this holiday, we shall award it to the winner of the *Picture Crossword Competition* printed on this page. All the entries will be opened on May 24th. The holiday will go to the winner of the first twelve correct answers opened.

Some readers who have written us to apply for membership of the Eagle Club have forgotten to send their name and address - so we can't do anything about it! Others have forgotten to enclose the subscription - so they will know why they haven't heard from us!

Don't forget that you should now send a Postal order for 1/6. The dollar is the Membership Subscription and the shilling is for the Eagle badge.

There has been some misunderstanding about how to get elected to the special rank of *MEMBER*. You have to be recommended by someone who knows you and who thinks you have done something outstanding to deserve the award. But parents cannot recommend their own children for the award. It must be someone who is not a member of your family.



Here is the list of those who were picked from North of England Members to go to the Test Match at Manchester on 10th June.

Jay Bolton, Large Road, Layland, Lancs.  
Derek Rawcliffe, Thaxfield Ave., Doncaster  
Colin Mansour, Bright Street, Gorton  
Colin Radford, River Dale, Canons.

Co Durham

Ray Leitch, Explanade, New Jersey  
Roy Mason, Chapley Lane, Haydock.  
Marlene Evans, Union Street, Accrington  
Raymond Morris, Easton Road, New Ferry  
William Butler, Rock Inn, Tockholes.

Nr. Darwen

George Similes, Thornville Mount, Haslingfield, Leics.  
Alan Chapman, Shellingford Road, Devoe, Liverpool

Anthony Skeddock, Blackburn Road, Ormskirk

Ormskirk

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Brian Gibbons, Castlegate, Malton  
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E. Spang, Leake Road, Hillsborough, Sheffield

Donald Jarvis, Hebbert Street, Salford

Don't forget, EAGLE is still in very short supply. Please pass your copy on to a friend when you have read it.

Yours sincerely,

THE EDITOR

## FREE HOLIDAY COMPETITION

A free holiday at a Butler's Camp from August 26th to September 2nd will be given to the holder of the first twelve correct solutions opened on May 24th of this Geography Puzzle. Send your answer to: HOLIDAY COMPETITION, EAGLE, 4, Shoe Street Square, London, E.C.4, to arrive before 26th May.

### 1. GEOGRAPHY PUZZLE

1. Capital of Portugal.
2. A Country.
3. Descriptive Wiving.
4. Country.
5. Limestone Town.
6. City on River Spree.

To solve, use the first letter of the objects drawn and the black letters.



2. THE AMAZING WATER-LILY A water-lily at the exact centre of a small round pond was growing so fast and luxuriantly that it doubled in size every day. In 30 days it had covered the entire pond! How long did it take to cover half the pond? (You can ignore the size it was to begin with.)

Answer: 29 days. It takes 29 days for the water-lily to cover half the pond. On the 30th day it will have doubled in size and covered the entire pond.

3. There are four proverbs here - but they seem to have become rather mixed! See if you can sort them out, and rewrite them as they should be written.

FOR MANY COOKS ARE WORTH TWO IN THE BOWL.  
HAPPY FISHING MEANS NO MORE.  
A BOLLING KETTLE SPILLS THE BROTH.  
A BIRD IN THE HAND IS THE BEST POLICY.

Answers: 1. Two men are worth one in the hand. 2. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. 3. A rolling stone gathers no moss. 4. For many cooks are worth two in the bowl.

4. THE BELLIGERENT GOATS A farmer tethered his two goats on a small patch of grass, allowing them each a rope of equal length. He first tethered one at each of the points which we have shown as "A", so that they could graze within the scope of the two circles shown.

Unfortunately, the goats, whenever they met - snatched each other so the farmer realised that the tethering ropes would have to be shortened to keep them safely apart. He could not spare any extra grassland, so we, so he solved the problem in this fashion.

On one day, he still kept one goat tethered at "A", with the long rope, as before, but the other goat was tethered within his circle at the point "B", with a shortened rope so that it could only just reach the other's sphere, but not overlap.

The next day this was reversed - that is to say, the first goat was put on his "B" peg (with a shortened rope) and the second goat was put back on his "A" post with the normal or longer rope.

Assuming that they cropped their separate spheres of grass evenly, you would suppose the grass within the two circles would be kept down evenly that, after eight days, there were sections of it that were not fully touched.

Now, then - can you mark out these sections? And can you also mark out the sections that received the most cropping?

Answer next week



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by thelwell



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# Lash Loneragan's Quest

By MOORE RAYMOND

## The story so far

Lash Loneragan, Kentucky's champion roughrider and cowboy expert, is on his way home to Cloud Creek, a far-western cattle town owned by his parents, Uncle Peter, accompanied by his friend Rawhide (O'Reilly), and Squab, a boy rescued from a horsey saloon.

Lash knew from Mopoke, a friendly stranger, that his Uncle has been killed dead at the hands of a pack of wild men on horse, and that the cowboy expert, Diego Muzzler, has been over to Cloud Creek, claiming that Uncle Peter made him his heir.

Lash rode to Yarramanna to get his uncle's will from the bank manager, Mr. Phoebe. But the bank is set on fire and the will is lost when a gang led by a bushranger called The Bushbuckler.

Lash and his two friends follow The Bushbuckler to Ophlowee but are surprised by Diego Muzzler. Lash is injured on the fight but rescued by Squab, and the cowboy returns.

In spite of his injury, Lash is determined to compete in the sports at Ophlowee next day. The police sergeant finds a message describing that The Bushbuckler will be at the sports.

Lash sets the first event — and then Diego Muzzler arrives. Muzzler challenges him to ride a horse he has brought from Cloud Creek, and he has time Lash 1000 to 1 to win that will set him on the saddle for his friends. Lash accepts the challenge. When he sees the horse he turns into laughter.

The horse runs out to be Cloudie, the smallest animal ever seen that had costed Lash's fingers three years before.

## Chapter 6

THOUGH she still worried and tossed her head now and again, she laid her head back and the wicked look went from her beautiful eyes. She no longer flattered her nose, but kept them perched at the continuous sound of Lash's coming voice.

The sounds were around. Gummy Joe started his browns at Diego, who shrugged as if he had been hit, but looked discomfited all the time.

"I reckon I can lead her out now," said Lash. He dropped from the rails to the ground.

"Gummy!" he had forgotten he injured knee. The jump to the lead ground gave it a severe jar, and he grunted his teeth as he leaped away. Diego's smile of triumph returned to his weather face.

Meanwhile Rawhide was staring to some stickmen: "You shut!" he said. Then Lash refused to ride. Uncle Peter called him a coward and a disgrace to the family name. So he looked him up — and me, too, because I took the last's part. Well, I —

Interrupted by a buzz of excitement from the crowd, he turned to see Lash at the open side of the stockyard, pulling on the bridle and trying to get Cloudie out into the open.

Lash soon changed his tactics. He stepped up to Cloudie's head, patted her neck, then grasped her flowing mane. It was the way to ride the buckskin horse, especially with his injured knee.

He hugged her mane and walked out of the yard into the sports ground. Cloudie went with him.

The cheer of the crowd made her excited again, and she started in pull away. Lash let her mane go and lunged on to the bridle. The mare reared up, almost dragging him off his feet.

"Chuckie, Chuckie," pleaded Lash. "If only you knew what this means to me!"

Gradually he quietened her. The crowd waited breathlessly as he slipped the reins over her head and slowly moved to the rear side to mount the mare. He gently eased her leg and slipped his foot into the stirrup.

"Now," Lash felt confident that Cloudie would let him get on — and stay on. He moved to mount.

Cloudie squealed and shook away, forcing him to drop to the ground again.

"When?" he called, as she pulled away wildly, jerking her head almost to the state of collapse.

He quietened her once more. Again he started to mount, and again she squealed and reared away.

"Come on, Lash," called one of the



The mare reared up almost dragging him off his feet

sideways. "I told you that you'd never mount her outside the paddock."

To the sound of the talkative, murmuring crowd, Lash led the mare across to the stewards. She followed him quietly.

"I'll ride her back," he announced. "Don't be a fool, Lash. There's no time here."

The young roughrider replied with a grim smile: "I've just got a fancy I'd like to ride Cloudie back." He started to unbackle the girl.

"That's not in my bargain!" interrupted a sharp voice. It was Diego Muzzler. He had a restraining hand on Lash's arm.

Shaking him off, Lash said: "You don't want me to unbackle her, do you? You know who she went to let me mount her, don't you?"

"I don't know what you mean," blurted Diego.

Lash unbackled the girl in a flash and headed off the saddle.

"Just as I thought!"

Changing to the chestnut hair was half-a-dozen sharp-pointed horns. Lash tried to mount, his weight had forced the spurs into Cloudie's side, but he had lost his crutch.

"No wonder she wouldn't let me get on!" sneered Lash, kicking off the horns and showing the stewards.

"I don't know anything about it," sneered Diego. He turned on Gummy Joe. "Did you shove those horns there?"

The fat man cringed and replied: "I don't know nothing about 'em. It must've been one of the stockmen did it for a joke."

"The joke's on you, Diego," smiled Lash. "Get ready to pay me their hundred pounds."

"Stout!" sneered the owner. He could not believe that Lash would be able to ride the buckskin horse, especially with his injured knee.

Lash led the mare back into the ring. Halting, he ran his hand along her neck and shoulder, murmuring soft words. Now she was quiet at last. Lash vaulted on to her back.

Thereupon the Ophlowee crowd were treated to the astonishing sight of Lash Loneragan trotting round on the "wild mare" that two days ago (his knee) had been ridden by only one man, Uncle Peter Loneragan and Lash was riding her back!

After mounting the mare, Lash was riding her with such grace, Lash rode back to the stewards.

"Riding her back wasn't in our bargain," exclaimed Diego Muzzler angrily.

The head steward said loudly: "The bet stands, Diego. I heard you make the bargain. Backward or saddle, that mare had to be ridden for ten seconds. Lash has won the bet all right."

Seeing he was cornered, Diego switched his sword to a snarl: "O.K., Lash. But I haven't got a hundred quid on me. I pay you next time I see you."

"Don't bother about the cash," smiled Lash. "You've got it on the HOU."

"You're right," agreed the farmer staidly. He scribbled it out and handed it to Lash. His intention, of course, was never to honor it.

The young roughrider took the piece of paper. Then he held it out to Diego and said: "You can have a back if you let me ride Cloudie."

Diego snatched at the HOU in his eagerness to complete the bargain.

When Lash returned to Rawhide and Squab, he was leading the chestnut mare.

On hearing the news, Rawhide waded ash hundred horses just for that animal! But she was not a splendid horse, but of horse, but her best horse interest! You've got the drubbing, my boy."

"I'll tell you what I've got, you hairy Irishman. I've got the satisfaction of scoring over a dirty dog. I've got a fine chestnut mare called Cloudie out of the hands of a cruel man. And I've got the few quid I won this afternoon."

"I reckon you're right, Lash. And you've got the respect and admiration of an all."

"Show your back, Lash!" laughed Lash, who was embarrassed by the praise. Glancing over Rawhide's shoulder, he remarked: "Look, here's Doctor Nugget, Huffy, Doc."

"Huffy, Lash. Lash's have a look at you," Lash.

"Eh? Who told you I had a knee wound looking at?" growled the pug-nosed.

"Come on, young man," replied the doctor with mock severity. "Anybody with one watery eye could see you limping all over the place."

Lash sighed and pulled up the leg of his trousers. Despite his own self-criticism, he winced when the doctor gently explored the joint with expert fingers.

"No more riding for a bit," said the doctor. "All it needs is a course of massage and rest."

"But," protested Lash, "the crowd expect me to do some backpunching this eve. Besides, I want to win some more dough."

Doctor Nugget said firmly: "If you try to ride a backpuncher this afternoon, you'll probably break your knee for life. You're sure to be broken. What a disgrace for the great Lash Loneragan — to be shown at a little country sports meeting! You just take it easy, my boy, and I'll get the stewards to explain in the crowd."

Rawhide also used his persuasive powers, and Lash at last consented to be sensible.

Sergeant Sneed, the mounted constable from Yarramanna, came riding up.

The police had called me out because of the warning that I supposed to have come from The Bushbuckler," he said to Lash. "It might be dangerous, or it mightn't. But I've got some news for you that'll make you prick up your ears."

In the privacy of the Ophlowee police station, Sergeant Sneed said that his black-rider had got news from other blacks about Lash's way to Ophlowee and the light that took place.

The way my blackrider gabbled," went on the policeman. "I got the idea it would be worth going up to see. I found the hated strongest and took them back to Mr. Phoebe."

Lash listened forward, eagerly awaiting the disclosure.

"Mr. Phoebe told me," went on the sergeant, "that I'd brought back every one of the missing strongmen but the one belonging to your Uncle Peter."

"Ah, that's more than coincidence, isn't it?"

"You mean?" queried the policeman. "Listen, sergeant. I told Diego Muzzler I could prove Uncle Peter left his property to me, because uncle's will was in the bank at Yarramanna. That may right the Bushbuckler and his snub blow the safe in the Yarramanna bank and steal the strongmen. Amongst them is the one with Uncle Peter's will inside. Would you call that a coincidence?"

"Well," drawled the other, "I suppose so. Surely you don't think..." He paused and raised his eyebrows.

"Now listen again, Mopoke gives me the drizzle all about Ophlowee and we ride up there. We discover the strongmen buried on that. And who should be hanging round but Diego Muzzler and his officer, Gummy Joe."

"Well," Diego told me he was in Ophlowee for the same reason as I was — to look for The Bushbuckler. Maybe he was seeing the truth. But I was after The Bushbuckler for the reward. Maybe Diego was after him for the well."

"You mean Diego and The Bushbuckler are in league?" asked the astonished policeman. "It's an idea that's been hanging round the back of my mind," replied Lash. "Why should the bushranger destroy all the strongmen but the one with uncle's will inside? What does The Bushbuckler want with the will unless it's to give it to Diego?"

Someone knocked on the door. The sergeant called, "Come in!"



"I'll ride her back," he announced

abridged. He was handcuffed, and he wore only a tattered khaki shirt and a pair of frayed serge trousers with faded red stripes running down the sides. This was the "uniform" proudly worn by Jacky, the black-tracker attached to the Gossowidge police station.

"Vella longa sports gabbis this!" he said to the sergeant, handing over two grubby letters. One bore the name of Lash Loneragan and the other was addressed to Dago Messner. Lash took his letter and replied it open. "Dear Lash Loneragan," and the crudely printed note, "I have a certain document that you and another bloke might like to buy. It is a will I offer it to the highest bidder. Write down your offer and put same as a tin in the middle of the road through Gossowidge by Sunday sundown. I am also writing this information to Dago Messner."

Yours truly,

The Hunchback

P.S. No offers under £1,000."

Lash flung the letter down in front of Sergeant Smeed. "Now we know why that bushranger wanted the will."

Scanning the note, the sergeant muttered "What a blunder clock!" He looked up at Lash with a grin. "Do you still think Dago and The Hunchback are in league?"

"Hardly," laughed the sergeant. "And I'd like to see the expression on Dago's face when he gets his letter from the bushranger."

Smeed turned to the black-tracker and asked sharply, "What folk wrote these letters?"

"No trace," replied Jacky.

"Sergeant tells?"

"Yes, boss. Sergeant folks do on go quick longa mob. No looms this fella face bad-gone."

"Well," sighed Smeed, "if you didn't get a proper look at him, I reckon it's no good going out now and trying to identify him in all that mob."

"The sports are over," said Lash, glancing out of the window to see the crowd streaming by. "And The Hunchback hasn't kept his promise."

"If he ever made it," smiled Smeed. He

stepped to Jacky and extracted. "You taken this fella letter longa Mr. Messner?"

"Yes, boss." The black-tracker was gone. Rawlside leaned up the steps on to the verandah, and Squab stopped after him. Poking their heads through the window, they reminded Lash and Sergeant Smeed that it was locker time.

"It's an alien prison!" cried Squab excitedly. "So we can have a bit of everything everybody's got!"

As they hurried down the road, the appetites were well become stronger. In a few minutes they came upon a happy, animated scene that gleamed in the golden rays of the setting sun.

The inhabitants of Gossowidge and their visitors were having a mass picnic on the smooth claypan between town and creek.

In the middle was a big fire. Grouped around it were a lot of people grilling chops and steaks on strap-iron or improvised forks.

Ringing the claypan were a number of smaller fires. Over these hung pots of stew or halfcans of water being boiled for tea.

Almost everybody there had brought food of some sort—some of it cooking, and some already home-cooked and cold.

As soon as Lash and his friends appeared on the scene, they were overwhelmed with invitations.

Never before had any of these best games at such a rich and varied feast.

Strips of steak seasoned with crushed, griffed tomatoes. Huge steaks chops dripping with fat. Baked gammon to tender it served to melt in the mouth.

When he could eat no more, Lash leaned against a squat bottle trip and sighed, "That was bonny!"

After a while Rawlside said to Lash: "Now can you tell me this, our sagacious boy? Why did The Hunchback—"

"Oh, forget that bushranger for a bit!" interrupted Lash with a laugh.

Meanwhile that same bushranger waited in the despatching dock, wearing the gay and animated scene on the claypan, and waiting for the right moment to make his entry and exit.

To be continued

## Biro PRESENTS A SHORT HISTORY OF WRITING



### Cuneiform writing

Before 3000 B.C. the Sumerians in Babylon produced "cuneiform" writing. The method employed was to impress the character on soft clay tablets with a reed probably made from reed sharpened to a point. The clay was then baked hard to make the markings permanent.

In certain instances cuneiform writing was also inscribed on stone, the characters being engraved with chiselling tools. This form of writing was used continu-

ously until almost the beginning of the Christian era by which time papyrus had become the accepted medium for writing as it is today.



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DISCOVERS STOWAWAYS

SEARCH PLANE 10-30 SWEETLAND!

WHAT'S THIS? FOREIGN LANGUAGE OR CODE?

PLENTY TO EAT HERE!

GEE! IT'S SHARPS!

TO SWEETLAND EH! WHY?

HERE'S A TIN FOR YOURSELF!

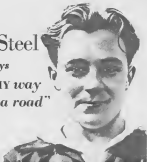
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THANKS! SHARP'S THE WORD FOR TOFFEE!

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says  
"Here's MY way  
to cross a road"



"It's a forward's job to break through — on the football field he must be able to dodge the defence — and have plenty of dash. But dodging and dashing is just asking for trouble when you're crossing a road. Here's my way —

1. At the kerb — HALT.
2. Eyes — RIGHT.
3. Eyes — LEFT.
4. Gaze up — RIGHT.
5. If all clear — QUICK MARCH.

"No need to run, because I wait until there is a real gap in the traffic."

"In Soccer, you go all out to win, so of course you take risks — it would be pretty dull otherwise! But traffic's not a game. By taking a chance, you may get killed, or kill someone else. So just use your head, remember you're part of the traffic, learn to be a good Road Navigator, and cross every road the Kerb Drill way."

*Billy Steel*

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## ROB CONWAY IN SEARCH OF A SECRET CITY



CONTINUED

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ICE CREAM

Presents

**TOMMY WALLS**

*The Wonder Boy*

THIS WEEK:

# **PANIC AT THE WHEEL**

DRAWN BY FRANK HAMPTON

STEP RIGHT UP, FOLKS AND  
INSPECT THE AUTOMOBILE  
OF THE FUTURE - THE  
TURBO CAR

I SAY TOMMY, SHE  
CERTAINLY IS A  
WHEELER - I BET  
SHE COULD MOVE

SHE'S ABSOLUTELY  
RIPPING!

AND TO SHOW YOU  
FOLKS HOW SAFE  
THIS NEW WORLD  
CAR IS, I'LL TAKE A  
YOUNG PASSENGER  
FOR A RIDE!

THANKS - I MUST GET  
THE CAR AWAY FROM  
HERE SOMEHOW  
WITHOUT SLIPPING



SAY HOW'D YOU LIKE  
TO COME ALONG?

RATHER!

GOSH, YOU LUCKY  
BEGGAR, TOMMY

NOW JUST WATCH  
THIS GETAWAY, FOLKS!



PHEN! - A HUNDRED!  
I'M GLAD I HAD MY  
WALL'S TODAY -  
I'LL NEED THE  
EXTRA ENERGY

YOU SEE THAT GAP IN THE HILLSIDE  
WHERE THE ROAD GOES THROUGH?  
WE'LL BE MAKING 150 MILES AN  
HOUR WHEN WE REACH THERE

BE CAREFUL -  
THAT WAS A  
CROSSROAD  
SIGN!

SLOW DOWN,  
YOU....  
LOOK OUT!



GOSH, I'LL NEED THE  
LUCKY WALL'S  
SIGN THIS TIME



SO WE'VE GOT YOU, CHARTERS. THIS  
MAN IS A FAKE, SONNIE, HE STOLE THE  
CAR - YOU DID A MIGHTY FINE JOB OF  
AVERTING DISASTER, MY LAD.

I KEPT MY HEAD, SIR,  
BECAUSE I KEEP FIT -  
THANKS TO THE HELP OF  
WALL'S ICE CREAM



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# THE GREAT ADVENTURER

BARNABAS, RIDING TO DAMASCUS TO WARN THE CHRISTIANS AGAINST SAUL, IS CAPTURED BY BANDITS

HM!  
NOT A BAD HAUL —  
100 SHEKELS, A FINE HORSE  
AND A WARM CLOAK.

WHAT SHALL WE  
DO WITH OUR  
BENEFICATOR — CUT  
HIS THROAT?

NOT YET — WE MAY  
BE ABLE TO GET  
RANSOM FOR HIM.

HO-HUM! LET'S  
GET SOME  
SHUTEYE NOW.

WELL FARE, IT LOOKS  
AS THOUGH WE'VE  
FAILED. SAUL  
WILL BE RIDING  
HARD TO DAMASCUS  
NOW.

DRAWN NEXT DAY

CHIEF, CHIEF!  
A ROMAN PATROL.

CONTINUED